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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE

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Editorials.

THAT Kenyon College has always held her own in whatever field of intercollegiate events she has felt called upon to enter, no one who is acquainted with her history will deny. As a contestant for intercollegiate honors her method has always been just and her record unsmirched. There is, however, one intercollegiate battle field which for some time has been untrammelled by her heels, and it is of this we wish to speak. At this season of the year particularly, is it brought to one's notice, as reference to any one of our exchanges will reveal. It is to intercollegiate debating that we refer.

Debating and extempore speaking are essential factors in a college education. If there is any one thing that the world at large has a right to demand of a man who has been blessed with a college education, it is that he be able to say a few words when called upon, without expressing his great surprise thereat in a school boy fashion, only to follow it up by drawing out of his pocket his thoughts neatly typewritten. The man who goes through college without the least effort to overcome his awkwardness in this respect fails to grasp at opportuni-

ties which, when presented later in life, will cause him endless embarrassments. What is the function of the college literary society, if not to aid one in correcting this fault? In the "good old days" when Nu Pi Kappa and Philo were in their prime every man in college was called upon to identify himself with one or the other society, and although the intensity of the rivalry was in a large measure accountable for the enthusiasm displayed, there was reached, nevertheless, a high water-mark in debating which has never been reached since. It is true, there were more students here in those days, and the issues of the day were such as to call forth spontaneous expressions of sentiment from every one, but the simple fact that we have gone backwards for some time is no reason why we should not try to head ourselves the other way. The college is growing in numbers, there is plenty of room for two societies instead of one, the issues of the day are by no means uninteresting. It is a duty we owe the College to perpetuate Nu Pi and Philo, and if we are going to do so, are we going to confine the field of their labors to Gambier alone? There are no less than three intercollegiate debating leagues in Ohio, and their debates this winter have been of no small interest to the colleges concerned. Two years ago Kenyon made an attempt to join one of these leagues but its constitution had been already drawn up and the number of colleges limited. Since then little effort has been made on our part to enter any of them. It is certain that were we fortunate enough to enter one of these leagues there necessarily would be an increase in our enthusiasm.

Could we with our numbers hold our own in such a league? The best way to find out is to enter one and if the same old "Kenyon Spirit" is true to her traditions we shall make things decidedly interesting for somebody.

EASTER VACATION—There is one little matter connected therewith, one little question which our confessedly limited comprehension has never thoroughly comprehended so to speak. That is, why do those good men who, ever desirous of guiding the compelled-to-go-to-chapel-six-times-a-week-and-twice-on-Sunday Kenyon student along the "straight and narrow path," so far forget themselves as to turn loose upon the wicked world "the flower of this land" in *Holy Week*?

Now in all seriousness, how much better spiritually it would be for all concerned if the Easter vacation began at a time when the entire vacation was not coincident with this most sacred week of the year. This might easily be done by closing the term on Wednesday or Thursday of Holy Week, and, if two or three days more could not consistently be added, by reopening on Friday of the following week, otherwise reopening on the Tuesday following the first Sunday after Easter. It is true, perhaps, that the present arrangement does not greatly interfere with the pleasure of everyone's vacation, but for many, a more unseemly week for a period of relaxation could not be chosen.

Chicago Alumni Banquet.

THE twelfth annual dinner of the Kenyon Alumni Association of the Northwest was held at the University Club, Chicago, on the evening of Tuesday, January 24, 1899. Henry J. Peet, '72, President of the Association, presiding.

One year ago a definite policy was inaugurated of having as guests, prominent clergymen and laymen whose influence if turned Kenyonward would result in substantial benefit. The initial dinner under this policy evidenced a tendency on the part of those present, the clergy in particular, to recognize Kenyon in her true attitude, as not only the logical and natural educational institution of the Episcopal Church of the west, but in addition as being capable of giving to young men a classical training second to none in America. An interest in Gambier's schools so close to the heart of each alumnus, was awakened in those where indifference at best had ruled before, by contact with the Alumni in their enthusiasm, and by having called to their notice facts respecting our Alma Mater, her past, present and possible future, often unknown even to her sons.

In one brief year, but full of results from Kenyon's good management, this tendency has taken firm root, and grown to yield from our last year's guests most hearty expressions of interest and willingness to aid. A belief in Kenyon's merits, a conviction that *her* interests are the Church interests, a knowledge that under this regime all can work to one purpose, that the institution is run on a business basis,

and that no other school shows better results in scholarship, has brought the shoulder of the Episcopal Church of the Northwest to the wheel, and with this, good seems inevitable. Many of our last year guests were with us again this year, and few things could have gratified Kenyon men more than hearing these same strong influential men, who one year ago had almost to be told that Kenyon existed, launch out in her praise, and in words heavy with thought and feeling show a most intimate knowledge of her. Not only was this noticeable, but frequent instances are apparent where others are being told by these new made friends, of Kenyon's merits and worth in such a way that active good must be the consequence. This night, it is felt, is marked as one most promising to every old son and friend, it marks the widening of her range of usefulness.

The impression that what has been said applies solely to the clergymen, would be an error. Many laymen not Kenyon Alumni are gradually experiencing the conviction that has impregnated the clergy, and we listened to expressions of regret that earlier opportunities prevented a collegiate training at Kenyon, or that earlier influences drifted them elsewhere, and a determination on the part of men whose boys are not all girls, to send their sons to Kenyon is not unheard of.

The University Club, with its college atmosphere, its walls decorated with the seals of the various colleges arranged in the order of their foundation with Kenyon well to the fore, lent surroundings peculiarly fitting to the reunion. Old friendships, begun when boys, were renewed; new friendships between men from '47 to '95 were formed, each feeling toward the other more of the interest of kinship than usually accompanies the making of new acquaintances among men with cares and business responsibilities. In this same affection the guests of this and our former dinner were received who in turn showed their appreciation. The success of the affair, however, was largely due to the presence of the Rev. William F. Peirce, the President of Kenyon, whose charming personality creates an absolute confidence in his ability. His entire grasp of Kenyon's affairs, his sensible policy as displayed in his address, his youthful energy, and over all his modesty, confirms the opinion that the right man has got

into the right place,—and under his guidance Kenyon's ascent has begun.

Those present were: Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, D. D., Bishop of Southern Ohio; Rt. Rev. Louis M. Burton, D. D., Bishop of Kentucky; Rt. Rev. Francis K. Brooke, D. D., Bishop of Oklahoma; Rt. Rev. Samuel C. Edsall, D. D., Bishop of South Dakota; Rev. T. N. Morrison, Bishop-Elect of Iowa; Rev. Arthur L. Williams, Christ Church, Chicago; Rev. C. P. Anderson, Oak Park, and many non resident Alumni. Henry J. Peet, '70, President Alumni Association; Rt. Rev. William E. McLaren, D. D., Bishop of Chicago; Rev. William F. Peirce, President Kenyon; Alexander W. Griffith, '47; Rev. Francis J. Hall; Rev. George M. Mead, '68; Ernest A. Oliver, '83; Rev. George B. Pratt, '62; Albert Hayden, '69; Martin A. Mayo, '85; Rev. C. C. Tate; Dr. Chas. H. Buchanan, '73; George W. Cass, '70; C. F. Baldwin, '95, Marcellas Hagans, '84; Dr. D. R. Brower; Rev. David Howard; Rev. Charles Scadding; Rev. T. A. Sniveley; Hon. Richard Tuthill; Rev. E. M. Stires; W. H. Strong, '70; Rev. John H. Ely, '65; W. P. Elliott, '70; Charles M. Sturges, '60; Charles M. Poague, '68; B. V. H. Schultz, '85; Joshua Douglas, '83; F. W. Harnwell, '89.

[NOTE.—We regret that we are unable to print more of the above account which Mr. F. W. Harnwell, Secretary of the Association, so kindly furnished us.—ED.]

Bishop McLaren's Address at the Chicago Alumni Banquet.

“MR. CHAIRMAN, Gentlemen: I stand before you this evening in a new relation, that of a trustee of Kenyon College a position which I accepted only after some delay and some hesitation, owing to the fact that home duties are so pressing and so numerous and also to the fact that I felt it would not be practicable for me adequately to discharge the duties of a position so responsible, so onerous. But having been assured that I would be spared very active participation in the duty of the Trusteeship I consented simply because of the interest which I had in the institution and of the desire that I had that it should be built up.

In former years I gave my interest and such influence as I possessed to Racine College. That institution was unable to survive the

misfortunes that beset its pathway, and the college department was closed. That left Kenyon College the only college, properly speaking, west of the Allegheny Mountains distinctly associated with our beloved church. I had some affiliations with Hobart, having remembered that institution from earliest boyhood, being myself a native of Geneva, and have sent numbers of students there during the past years of my Episcopate which is now approaching toward a quarter of a century with a considerable amount of evening light on it; but of late years I have not felt that the college was conducted in such a way as to fit western men for professional or other lines of vocation in the west, and informing myself more fully of the present condition of Kenyon College, and being particularly gratified with the elevation to the Presidency of one who is with us this evening, a young man who by his mere youth is challenging and making a success in the exalted and honorable position to which he has been advanced, I felt that Kenyon College was in a position to appeal to the west.

And one of the strongest motives I have had in stretching out my hand in sympathy and help and whatever little influence my name may convey with it to this college, has been my firm conviction that ere long the small college will rise to a much larger degree of importance in the educational interest of our land than it has heretofore had. At present it seems to be somewhat eclipsed by the important universities of the day. But there are universites and universities. I recognize the fact that this is a new country and that the American university, particularly our own University of Chicago, must be fresh, must be lacking in elements of solidity, and solidarity to a large extent, these elements which ought to characterize a university.

No university can be truly a university until it has had a hundred years at least. The university so-called, of this land, up-to-date, is largely a—what shall I say? (Rev. Dr. Hall of the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, interjecting: "Indefinable?") No, not indefinable. It is not a sophomore; it is scarcely a freshman. It is a preparatory department.

And I think still further, that the reason why the small college is destined in the future to make larger demands upon the interest of the American people is because it will give a broader and wider cul-

ture than the university can. The very essential idea of the university is specialism. The man who goes to the university goes to fit himself for some particular vocation, some particular line of professional, or scientific life. The university meets that man and provides for him special courses and special professors, special scholarships and special fellowships. The man who adopts electricity, electrical engineering or electrical science in any department can go to the university today and can follow out the line of electric evolution alone without knowing anything about anything else. And so you can take a dozen lines of study in the modern university and you will find that the principle of specialism prevails everywhere and that there is no necessary contact between university education and breadth of culture.

Now, when you come to contrast the small college with that, you will find that there is breadth, there is inclusiveness. A man does not necessarily feel tied to an elective course, but he is permitted to know something of every branch, and if he has the scholar in him there will be some department of study in that wide, general curriculum which will bring out the student in him, which will fit him by intellectual training for any position in life, whether it be that of a lawyer, that of a physician, or that of a farmer; and I think in the future in the country the educated farmer will be a distinct type,—a man who will have the fullness of a college education and all the breadth of culture that it implies and who yet devotes himself, and gladly devotes himself, to the noble profession of agriculture.

Now, I think that the small college, just at this present juncture, labors under a certain degree of prejudice, because of the advent of the modern American university with its overpoweringness. We American people like to be overpowered, sensationalized. We like to have great things happen; we bow down to them when they do happen. But after all, there is about the American university, I think particularly about universities in the newer portions of the country, a lack of finish, a sense of incompleteness. It seems as though there is a fairly good financial foundation leading to a superstructure that is largely of staff. It is not a permanent superstructure; it is likely to be superseded as the result of experience. Stronger and nobler theories of education will come in, and much that is simply sensational in the modern university will utterly disappear.

In the meanwhile the small college will be going on in its humble way doing its work entirely, to the extent of its capacity, and turning out men who are not specialists but men with broadminded views, who know not mere experiments and teachings, but something of every branch of culture and learning.

So I am a friend of Kenyon College because it is a small college, and if I had another son to educate, I would studiously avoid sending him to one of the great universities. Even though he might incline to some special form of study, I would want him to turn out something other than a man great only in one thing. I would like him to know something else beside that to which he might specially devote himself. And I am old-fashioned enough to believe, gentlemen, that the lines of study, the acquisitions of knowledge, that are largely in disrepute now are, after all, those that have made the world's great men of today what they are. The old classical styles never can be superseded until the new age shall equal the classic age in intellectual power, in all the virile qualities of an advanced intellectual civilization. So, I say, we must turn back to the past and not depend upon the superficiality of the present, even though it clothes itself in the habiliments of scientific infallibility.

Let us, then, rejoice in the opportunity we have to build up this college, the only church college west of the Alleghenies, and so far as I have any power and influence I propose to do my whole duty to this effort."

Cincinnati Alumni Banquet.

THE annual banquet of the Cincinnati Alumni Association was held at the Burnet House, February 2nd. The Alumni gathered about eight o'clock, and it was remarked that there was a much larger proportion of the young Alumni present than usual, and also that there was but one guest present who had not in some way been connected with the college. After an excellent repast the Association proceeded to dispose of the business before the meeting. Mr. Elliot Marfield, '83, was elected president for the ensuing year, succeeding the Rev. J. H. Ely, '71. Mr. N. L. Pierson, '80, was re-elected vice president.

Mr. J. D. Follet, '93, declined to serve again as secretary, although pressed by the Association, which appreciated his faithful and efficient work in that office. Mr. Constant Southworth, '98, was elected to succeed him. The Rev. Mr. Ely, then acting as toast-master, after expressing his pleasure at seeing so many of the Alumni present, and particularly so many of the young Alumni, called upon President Peirce, who was fortunately able to attend. Dr. Peirce after remarking that he knew all were anxious to hear from Kenyon, proceeded to give a summary of the progress during the last year. He told of the high standing won by the Kenyon competitors in the prize examinations, held by the Association for the Promotion of Church Schools and Colleges, their winning two out of the five prizes offered, and taking three second places, six only competing, and stated that the general average of the Kenyon papers submitted, exceeded by several per cent. a similar average of those of any other of the five colleges competing. As to athletics, Kenyon had passed a most successful football season, being accorded third place among Ohio colleges, and that the prospects for the next football season were very bright. He then expressed the pleasure he felt on being assured by Bishop McLaren, of Chicago, that his influence in his diocese would be devoted to Kenyon; and that he had similar assurances from Bishop White, '72, of Indiana. Dr. Peirce closed with the highly gratifying remark that the college catalogue this year would contain the largest number of names enrolled at one time since the war.

Mr. W. B. Morrow, '68, was next called on. He spoke of the rapid passage of time since he was in college, and entertained those present with anecdotes of his college days, showing that while the student spirits may have changed their source, they were of the same quality as those of today.

The Rev. O. B. Wilmer, in response to his name, gave a very interesting and amusing description of the Bexley of his time and of Bishop Coadjutor Brown who was then with him. He closed in a more serious vein, speaking of the great work to be done by the young men of Cincinnati and more particularly of that to be done for Kenyon by her Alumni.

The toast master then called in succession upon C. V. Sanford, '94; Y. W. Alboin, '95; Henry Stanbery, '96, upon whose request "Old Kenyon Mother Dear" was sung, and Robert Crosser, '97, each of whom spoke of their affection for the college, and their intention to attend regularly the Alumni banquets. Constant Southworth, '98, was the last of the young Alumni called upon who briefly compared the recent change of position taken by our country, to that of the new Alumnus, forced by the law of development from the Alma Mater's protection.

Mr. Hearne, '83, next responded, speaking of his pleasure at being able to be present that evening, it being the first time in years that his business engagements had not interfered. The list of speakers closed with an enthusiastic address by the president-elect of the Association, Mr. Marfield, '83. After speaking of his class, which was noted for quality rather than quantity, he urged upon the Alumni greater activity than in the past, and that each one should impose upon himself the duty of being present at the next annual dinner, and of bringing at least one other with him. Closing, he proposed the prosperity of Kenyon, which, all rising, was eagerly drunk. J. D. Follet, '93, then moved that President Peirce carry from the Association the expression of their interest and best wishes to their old friend, Dr. Benson. Mr. Florien Giauque, '69, spoke of the plan his class and that above him had adopted of meeting together quinquennially at commencement, and suggested that some plan be adopted so that returning students would find some of their college friends on the Hill. On motion of Rev. C. K. Benedict, '87, a committee was appointed of which he was reluctantly made a member, to see about getting a large representation from Cincinnati at the next commencement. With Rev. Benedict, Mr. Pierson and Mr. C. V. Sanford were appointed. A number of letters of regrets were read, one from Rev. Alfred Blake, '62, eliciting considerable applause. The programme for the evening being completed the meeting adjourned until the next dinner, all pledging themselves again to be present and to see that a larger number should sit down than ever before. Those present were: President, Wm. F. Peirce; the Rev. J. H. Ely, '71; George E. Perry, Cincinnati; W. W. Myers, Cincinnati; W. B. Morrow, '68; D. N. Fox, '69; Florien Giauque, '69; R. Dyer, '76; N. L. Pierson, '80; C. B. Wilmer, Bexley; Elliot Marfield, '83; N. N.

Hearne, '88; C. K. Benedict, '87; J. D. Follet, '93; C. V. Sanford, '95; T. W. Alden, '95; Charles Follet, '96; Henry Stanbery, '96; J. Wilson, Bexley, '96; Robert Crosser, '97; P. B. Stanbery, '98; C. H. Alden, '98; T. O. Youtsey, '98; Constant Southworth, '98.

In the Enemy's Lines.

A SPANISH LOVE STORY.

A. V. S.

PILAR CLAUSELL was the daughter of General Clausell, a Spanish general who had been appointed to command the troops stationed at Porto Rico. Finding the Island beautiful and the climate agreeable he had made his home at Ponce and had sent to Spain for his family. A few years later he died, leaving a wife and seven children.

Pilar, the youngest of the seven, was now quite a young lady. She was the prettiest and gayest of the young ladies of the Island. She had all the young men of Ponce at her feet, but it was generally understood that there was only one man who could claim a place in her heart. This man was Jose Antonio Salicrup y Toro, First Lieutenant in the Spanish army. He was the son of the Count of Terragona, of Spain, and had been sent with the army to Porto Rico. His noble and manly qualities had easily won a place in the heart of Pilar Clausell to whom he was devoted. At the breaking out of the war he had been sent to the north of the Island with his regiment for the defence of the capitol, San Juan.

Sad was their parting after five years of uninterrupted happiness. He had hoped to take her to Spain as his wife the following December, when his term of enlistment was up. Now with the war, it was impossible to tell if they would ever see each other again. "I'll return victorious," he vowed to her on going, "or I won't return at all."

Peace, alas, came before he had even had an opportunity of drawing his sword in defence of the Island. He had heard of the taking of Ponce and his heart beat with hate and fear lest the Yankees should dare disturb the peace of his Pilar. He watched their slow but vic-

torious march across the Island and with a wild joy anticipated the coming of the struggle. He prayed in turn to all the saints of the calendar to protect him from the bullets of the Americans, that he might live to see the honor of Spain avenged and the cowardly intruding Yankees driven from the banks of the Island which was the home of his Pilar. Peace, which was the saving of thousands of lives, was almost the death of him. He could not bear to see the Island surrendered without even a struggle. He knew they never could have taken the Island, and to see it lost almost killed him. Immediately after the ceasing of hostilities he made all efforts to secure a furlough of a month to go and find his Pilar and arrange to take her back to Spain with him. After over a month's waiting it was granted him.

What a sight met his eyes when he saw Ponce. Everywhere was the detested Yankee flag floating. The people were shouting hysterically. He made the best of his way to the mansion of the Clausells. He found Pilar as anxious to see him as he was to see her. But her actions were changed. She admired the Americans, she said. Their actions were noble. They were going to make the natives free.

"Caramba! somebody has crossed my path!" he cried.

"No," she said, "I love you yet Antonio. But for two weeks an American soldier has come to see me regularly. He calls himself John Brown. He told me all the grand things his country was going to do for the natives, and my heart grew soft toward the Yankees."

The Spaniard's anger was too great to be expressed. His Spanish pride was touched. He was grieved, but his grief was proud and he kept it from her.

"They have been lying to you," he said in angry tones, "in order to steal you from me. No, Pilar, the Americans will never make those poor wretches free whom we can even now hear shouting wildly for joy. American liberty is only nominal. In America the masses are the slaves of the capitalist and the lying politician. And I tell you the peasants and the shepherds in the fields and mountains of Spain have more personal freedom and happiness than the American farmer who is ever ready to sell his vote and afterwards groan under the despotic yoke of a bought legislature. National liberty is a mere phantom. The Americans are taught that they are free and think they are,

but their eyes can not see the chains which hang about their own necks. An American's idea of happiness is wealth, and they will sap the life-blood of these poor creatures, and tell them they are free, but they will never be so."

The Spaniard had grown eloquent as he went on. Finally, choking his wrath he said good-bye and promised to come back that night. When he returned in the evening his anger was for the most part abated.

They talked a long while about the war and the changes that it had made in the city. They talked about John Brown and then he learned that she had met him two weeks before at an outdoor reception given in the plaza in honor of the arrival of General Miles' wife. She had liked the soldier's appearance. His broken Spanish amused her. He had called the night before and had promised to call again this night.

Poor, innocent Pilar said all this in her own usual gay manner, not knowing that every word cut him to the heart. He felt, and truly, that she could not love him and entertain Yankee soldiers in her house at the same time. In some way this soldier must be gotten out of the way.

Presently the American arrived. He was welcomed with a pleasant smile from Pilar, who introduced him to Antonio, and then beckoned them both to a seat.

The Spaniard was jealous and jealousy controlled his actions. Bowing to his esteemed Pilar, he said: "With all due respect to you, Pilar, the dignity of my rank forbids my sitting with a private soldier."

The American, embarrassed as he was, had never been told anything which had cut him to the heart as this had. He knew who it was that was speaking to him, and he knew also of his friendship for the girl. He had expected to meet his rival any time as he knew she expected him; but he did not expect to be slurred like this. He rose confusedly and cried: "I'm an American citizen and your equal before my country. You, sir, are in American territory and therefore I have the right to take your words as a personal insult and a an act unworthy of a gentleman."

"Dog," cried the Spaniard, "I will allow no one to insult me before my future wife."

Saying which he drew his sword and challenging his opponent, said: "Defend yourself or leave this house."

The American drew his pistol, but quicker than a meteor on a clear night, the Spaniard thrust his sword through the heart of the American and a heavy thud told the story of one more soul gone to meet its God like a true soldier.

A magic spell then came over the Spaniard and for a minute all was quiet. Pilar had fainted. The blood of the murdered soldier streaming onto the floor formed pools for the flickering flame of the lamp to sport in.

The Spaniard was awake again in a minute. His actions were wild. He flung his bloody sword through the open window. The steel clashed on the pavement. The sparks flew around it and then the darkness swallowed it.

"No more shall I need thee," he cried after it, and walking over to Pilar who was still faint and seizing her in his strong arms he spoke to her: "I have avenged the honor of Spain. All is lost save honor. Tonight you will flee with me to the Capital. There everything is ready and you will return with me to Spain, be my wife, live in my castle and share my estate. Then you will be secure forever from the accursed Yankees."

Memoria.

C. F. M.

THOU who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

— Tennyson.

I know that anything ideal has no excuse for existence anymore, and that the man who takes things seriously is the only one who can win in the race for fame or fortune. Still, I am a sort of a don't care,

indolent person, and I sometimes think that I would have made a good lotus-eater. I can understand the pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from success, but I can also see that man is as a shadow and that all striving to obtain real self-satisfaction is vain. Fame, the phantom that dances before the eyes of many, leading them on, seems to me to be a good thing, but still I do not see it as most men do. I think of it as good because of the good it does for us lazy unambitious ones. Men, lured on by its promises create much that is beautiful and good. They may not have time to speak a pleasant word to us, to nod to us as we pass, but the things that they will leave behind them will be a solace to some poor brother of our easy-going tribe. We cannot blame them for being cold, unfriendly, business-like, even miserly, for striving to get all they can, either of wealth or honor. We should rather pity them, for they are following up a rainbow to find its end with the pots of gold hanging there. They are blinded and deceived, and so let us look upon them and sometime perhaps their eyes may be opened.

If they would not turn on me their earnest eyes, filled with pitying scorn, how I would long to say to them, "Stop and think, brother, sometime, our little atom of the universe, this ball on which we live will lose its life and beauty, and will go on a cold dead lump, dumb, unable to dishearten happier worlds with its complaining tale, or tell of its greatness past, its mighty Caesar, its noble Shakespeare. Eternity shall roll on and no sorrowing wind shall mourn among the tombs of the vast wilderness, the cemetery of all the life it once supported.

In that time, who knows, perhaps, a pleasant look, a warm hand-grasp, and the loving beating of a true heart may count as much as the building of an empire or the making of a language. The laurels on the brows of many of fame's favorites shall have withered, but the fragrance of lives of brotherly kindness will spread to soothe and please the hearts of peoples yet to come."

Many men, some of them great, have said: "Think not of yesterday, which is past, or tomorrow, which is not yet, but attend to the work of today." This is good advice but it is not all by any means. What would life be if we could not plan for the future or think over the fond memories of the past. I take pleasure in thinking over what

I am going to do, what books I shall get and read, what trips I shall take next summer. Castles in Spain are charming but they are trifling compared with the fairyland of the past, which memory opens to us. I love to turn back the pages of my life and see what a different light now shines upon its events. Sorrows, that I thought terrible and lasting, have lost their bitterness and often seem sweet. Disappointments that seemed so heavy and unjust are almost forgotten. I have suffered pain but no trace of it is found on the sensitive plates of my memory. All the joys and pleasures seem dearer because of the time that is past. Laughing lips, sparkling eyes, silken tresses, soft white hands—Oh! such thoughts as these make the warm blood course in my veins again, and once more I am sipping the nectar of life.

The hearty hand grasp of a friend, his honest countenance and merry laugh—these make the sun shine brighter and the sky clearer, the air fresher—Oh! I am young again. Then I remember the thankful look of someone, some poor person perhaps, for whom I had done a favor or perhaps merely spoken to in a kindly way. This brings a calm over my spirit, a peace to my heart.

While these thoughts were passing through my brain, I had been sitting, gazing at the dying embers of the fire, and puffing slowly from my favorite pipe. My friend Ned Chapline sits beside me, sleeping in his chair. He had come to visit me in my West Virginia home and we had many a pleasant time together in the last few days. We are old friends, both over fifty and had been companions in boyhood.

"Wake up, Ned, old fellow, I have been thinking over old times." "Old times," muttered Ned as he blinked at the fire and rubbed his eyes and then turning toward me with his friendly laugh. "Let's hear what you were thinking of." "Well, old boy, I remember when you and I paddled barefooted in Painter run and hunted for crawfish years ago." "Yes," said Ned, "that was a good while ago." "Do you remember the time when we were out walnutting and as we sat hulling the nuts, we got to talking of girls and you mentioned Nelly and I said, 'yes, she is the prettiest girl in the school, and I am going to marry her when I grow up' and then you said, 'no you won't; I will; she won't have you, for you are too poor,' and then I hit you in the mouth and you struck me a couple of times and then we sat still

for a few seconds and did not speak or look up, and when we did we both had tears in our eyes and we shook hands and made up."

"Yes, I remember," said Ned, "and also that ten years later she turned me down for Dave McDermott who went to college." "And," said I, "you know I changed my affections to Hallie, who married Dr. Norton before I could get up enough nerve to ask her, and he took to drinking and led her a dog's life." Poor girl, how things have turned out. "And, Ned, do you remember how we used to roam through the woods like two young savages, and climb over the hills thinking that we were real explorers. We would tramp through brush, one or the other of us going ahead and holding back the vines and bushes for the other, and we clambered up all the steep places; sometimes you would go up first and give me your hand and sometimes I would go first. Then what times we used to have camping out." Looking back over the old times makes them seem more dear than ever and yet we got lots of sport out of life then.

Poor old Ned; he is asleep again. What friends we have been. He was big and strong. I was small and slim, but tough and lasting. We rarely quarreled and still more rarely fought, when we did come to blows, a tap or two and all was over. No hatred remained from these little spats, but we seemed more strongly bound together by them. I was lonely when Ned was away, and always happy when he was near. I feel the old feeling now. What a pleasant evening we have just passed. How nice it was to sit sipping our cider and look into each other's eyes and see there the same old roguishness and good-fellowship.

Dear old friend, I read the other day in a prominent magazine, an article by an eminent writer, which stated that love and friendship were inventions of poets and sentimental fools.

Well, then, we must be poets and fools of the sentimental sort, and I think that we are better for it. Friendship, genuine, true friendship, has been one of the realities of my life and the one that has given me most pleasure.

Dear friend, am I to think that you will leave and forget me? I know you will not. I trust that when I come to that silent river, whose farther bank has never been seen, I can truly say;

"And now shake hands across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go :
Shake hands once more : I cannot sink
So far—far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below."

Review of a Late Edition.

W. H. M.

"GOOD afternoon, Professor. I've been looking for you all over the Campus. I want to have a little talk with you."

"Ah, about your back work, I presume?"

"Oh no, my work's all right; I don't need to talk that over. It's something else I want to see you about. You are a bit of a humorist, are you not, Professor?"

"Why, yes. I'm not exactly a humorist, but I enjoy the light, airy nothings of modern wit occasionally."

"Then you will appreciate this little volume which I wish to show you. I have just finished reading it and it strikes me as being about the funniest thing out. It is a compendium of local side splitters."

"What is it?"

"The new Catalogue."

"The new Catalogue? I don't see how you make that an example of humor."

"You don't? Well, listen to this little excerpt which is found on page 15:

'The College buildings comprise Old Kenyon, the dormitory, Ascension Hall, the recitation and laboratory building, *Rosse Hall, the gymnasium and assembly room.*'

"I don't see anything funny in that."

"You don't? Well, how does this tintillate your risibilities?"

Page 16. "—Old Kenyon was thoroughly renovated in the summer of 1896. Dry subcellars now insure perfect ventilation; water has been carried throughout the building, bath rooms have been put in, a hot water heating apparatus

heats the halls and rooms, and the whole building is in perfect repair.'

"Really I can't appreciate that. Why is it funny?"

"I'm sorry for you. And you don't know why it's funny? Whew! Does this appeal to you?"

Page 41. 'Teachers are requested not to give certificates unless clearly merited, but in doubtful cases, to throw the responsibility on the Faculty.'

"No."

"No? Well, how does this circulate about your pineal gland?"

Page 57. 'In accordance with James's arrangement, the physiological basis of the science is first discussed, with constant illustrations and *with practical experiments, for which provision is made in connection with the Physical Laboratory.*'

"I see nothing humorous in that."

"I'm sorry. I hate to make cracks at my Professors, but I believe you are mentally deficient. Why, they say that even the ignorant printers laughed so hard at these jokes that they forgot a page and half of copy. Perhaps this last selection will storm your Nestorian bulwarks."

Page 23. 'The College chaplain is always accessible to the students.'

"Ha! Ha! I confess that there is something funny about that. Have you any more?"

"Oh, yes, lots, but I must seize my daily opportunity of seeing my onliest one and the sweetly dissonant clangor of yon steepled bell calls me to vespers. So long."

Alumni Notes.

'53 DR. BENSON is in receipt of a long and interesting letter from Mr. J. M. Sullivant, of the class of '53. Mr. Sullivant came to Gambier in the days of the stage coach when Columbus was a day's journey. He writes of his experiences in the West, where he is interested in cattle raising. He is at present in Skiddy, Kansas. Mr. Sul-

livant has never revisited Gambier but promises to do so at the first opportunity.

'53. The following account of the funeral of the late Rev. Henry G. Perry is clipped from one of the Chicago papers:

"Funeral services over the remains of the late Rev. Henry G. Perry were held at 11 o'clock yesterday morning at the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Washington Boulevard and Peoria street. The ceremonies were largely attended both by the immediate relatives and friends, and there were present over 400 members from the score of lodges with which Rev. Mr. Perry had been connected during his lifetime. Delegations were present from the Masonic Veterans' Association, Oriental Consistory, Chicago Commandery Knights Templars, Grand Chapter R. and S. Masters, Siloam Council, Knights Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, Grand Royal Arch Chapter, Washington Royal Arch Chapter, Ashler Lodge, Michigan Grand Council Royal and Select Masters, Grand Lodge of the Order, Chicago Garrison, No. 53, Kenyon College Alumni Association, Order of the Eastern Star No. 28, and the Ashland Club. Ministers of the Gospel who had been personal friends of Rev. Mr. Perry acted as honorary pallbearers. They were as follows: Clinton Locke, H. C. Kinney, E. A. Larrabee, W. E. Toll, C. H. Bixby and T. A. Snively. The active pallbearers were Rev. A. L. Williams, A. E. Lealtad, E. J. Randall, W. B. Hamilton, J. H. Edwards, and T. J. Curran. Bishop McLaren preached the funeral sermon. At the conclusion of the ceremonies and after the casket had been carried to the door the remains were given over to the members of the Masonic Veterans' Association, of Illinois, of which Rev. Mr. Perry was a past chaplain, and conveyed to Rosehill where interment services were held."

'84. F. T. A. Junkin, former secretary of the New York Alumni Association, has been appointed General Council of the Atchinson R. R. Lines.

'86. Rev. Geo. Clarke Cox, former rector at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has gone to take charge of a parish at Geneva, Switzerland.

'90. At a meeting of the Ohio Medical University trustees, February 14, the committee on faculties, which has for some time had

under consideration the names of a number of physicians, both local and from other cities, for the chair of gynecology, reported that after a thorough canvass of the matter they had concluded to recommend Dr. Yeatman Wardlow, '90, for the chair of gynecology and Dr. C. M. Taylor for the chair of clinical gynecology, and their recommendation was adopted by the board of trustees by unanimous vote. Dr. Wardlow thus succeeds to the chair formerly occupied by Dr. Baldwin, and Dr. Taylor the chair held formerly by Dr. J. M. Dunham, although the work which will devolve upon him will be quite different from that performed by his predecessor.

The board believes this action will make the work of the institution in gynecology very strong and provide surgeons in that line for work in the Protestant hospital second to none in the city.

'97. Arthur Brooke, on the sixth of December, 1898, was ordained deacon at the Cathedral in Marquette, by Bishop G. Mott Williams.

'98. W. H. Clark has returned from Florida and is now studying law at Mt. Vernon.

College News.

DURING the early part of February Dr. Wager was for over a week confined to his house with Grippe, and was unable to hear any of his classes.

A card party was given to a number of Harcourt girls and College students by the Rev. and Mrs. Moore at their residence on February 4th.

Bishop Vincent spent the week from the 11th to the 18th of February in Gambier. During this time he lectured at Bexley Hall on the "Pastoral Epistles." He preached at the College Church on Sunday the 12th and on Ash Wednesday the 15th. At the five o'clock service on the latter date the Bishop delivered a very eloquent and instructive lecture to men on the subject of "Purity."

Nu Pi Kappa Hall was equipped during the past month with a complete system of electric lighting. The foot and top lights of the stage are incandescent; the auditorium is lighted with arcs. This

improvement was made in view of the minstrel performance, which took place on the 14th, but will of course remain as permanent fixtures.

President Peirce preached at St. Paul's Church, Geneva, Ohio, on Sunday, February 19th.

We are glad to announce that at last after much delay, resulting from unavoidable financial difficulties, work is about to be recommenced on Rosse Hall Gymnasium. We are now assured that the building will be in shape by June for the commencement festivities, and that by September every detail of the building proper and of the gymnastic equipment will be complete.

W. A. Grier, Bex. '00, left Gambier on February 20th for Steubenville, in company with his friend, Mr. Clark Hammond, who visited here during the "Prom." week. Mr. Grier made only a short visit at his home in Steubenville.

Mrs. Moeller, of Cleveland, has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. H. St. C. Hathaway since the "Prom."

The students at Harcourt and the K. M. A. were treated to an evening's entertainment on the evening of March 1st by Mr. Daniel Emmet ("Uncle Dan"), of Mt. Vernon. Old "Uncle Dan" is the author and composer of the world-renowned "Dixie." His performance before the young ladies of Harcourt and the Cadets consisted of a very interesting talk and the singing of his famous song.

Mr. H. St. C. Hathaway, Bex. '00, returned on March 1st from a brief business trip to New York.

Miss Grace Harrington Ashley, of Oberlin, is visiting her sister Mrs. West.

President Peirce left Gambier on March 3d for Toledo, remaining there over Sunday and preaching morning and evening at Trinity Church.

The funeral of Mrs. Frank Putnam, of Kansas City, Mo., sister-in-law to the Misses Anna and Margaret Putnam, of Gambier, took place in this village from the Church of the Holy Spirit. The remains were interred in the College cemetery back of Rosse Hall.

The Kenyon Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews held a meeting on Wednesday, March the 15th, at which the Rev. Prof. Streibert delivered the address.

Several of the college men and Harcourt girls visited a sugar camp north of Mt. Vernon, on Monday afternoon, March the 13th.

Rev. G. F. Smith, rector of St. Paul's, Mt. Vernon, and instructor of Latin in this college, has accepted a call to take charge of a parish in Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

President Peirce left Gambier on March the 13th to deliver a lecture in Cleveland on the Philippines.

Rev. Prof. Fisher delivered an address to the Ladies' Monday Club of Mt. Vernon on Monday, March 13th. Dr. Fisher's subject was "French Cathedrals."

On Tuesday evening, March 7th, Prof. and Mrs. Ingham entertained a few music lovers in honor of Miss Grace Ashley, who graduated last June from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

On Friday night, March 17th, President Peirce gave his lecture on the "Philippines" at Brink Haven. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views under the direction of Professor Ingham.

The Beethoven Recital given under the direction of Miss Young at Harcourt on Saturday evening, March 18th, was one of the most interesting and enjoyable musical treats that Miss Young has ever given.

An innovation was introduced into college life on Thursday, March 16, '99, when '01 gave a class "Smoker." Everything was arranged by a committee and a little house on the edge of town was secured for the evening. The Freshmen had a meeting also that night and a number of scouts were sent out during the evening to find the Sophomores; but all their efforts were futile, for '01 was as completely hidden as if the earth had swallowed them. After the "Smoker" the Class adjourned to the "Middle Path" and made the night ring with a number of new songs. The previous night officers were elected as follows: Rattle, Pres.; Simpson, Vice Pres.; M. M. Gunlefinger, Sec.; G. F. Russel, Treas.

The following schedule of baseball games has been arranged by the management; those marked with a question mark being not as yet definitely decided upon:

Saturday, April 22, Denison University—Gambier.

Saturday, April 29, Ohio State University—Columbus.

Friday, May 12, (?) Case School—Gambier.

Saturday, May 20, Otterbein University—Gambier.

Saturday, June 3, Denison University—Granville.

Saturday, June 10, (?) Ohio Wesleyan University—Delaware.

University of Michigan, (?) Western Reserve University. (?)

Book Review.

M. M. G.

THE *Pride of Jennico*. Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Macmillan Co., through the Kenyon College Library.

The time is the latter part of the eighteenth century. The action centers about the castle of Tollendhal in Bohemia, and the capital of Lusatia. Basil Jennico is a Rittmeister under his grim great-uncle, a Feldmarschall in the Austrian service. They are English, and their proud family claims connection with the Plantagenets and the Stuarts. The uncle wills Basil his immense fortune, including the castle of Tollendhal, together with a dying injunction to make a noble marriage, to "bring no returiere into the family." Basil returns to Tollendhal, and attempts to obey his uncle by offering his hand to the Princess Otilie of Lansitz Rothenburg, who is tarrying in the neighborhood. He does not love her, but is attracted by her noble birth. A secret marriage is arranged, but Basil finds, in his veiled bride, the Princess' *maid*. Quarrel and separation follow, after which Basil awakes to his love for his wife. His search for his wife, and her final rescue, afford the development of a dainty love story, told, as it is, with auto-biographical charm and detail. The collaborators allow the reader an occasional glimpse into the identity of Basil's wife, but not to an extent to detract from the interest which holds one to the

end. The action is brisk, the tone, at times, adventuresome, and in the many attempts on Basil's life, the clash of arms is brought directly before the reader. As a love story, it is out of the ordinary, and this, no doubt, accounts for its unquestioned success and the unusual reception accorded it.

Exchanges.

"'TIS wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone ;
A chaperone she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own." —*Ex.*

What man seweth, that shall he also rip.—*Ex.*

Hazing has been abolished from Dartmouth by the unanimous vote of the student body.—*Ex.*

There will be thirty miles of book shelves in the new library at Princeton, and the new library at Washington will hold about 4,500,000 books with nearly one hundred miles of shelving.—*Ex.*

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is, that they haven't any mind, and the other, that they haven't any business.—*Ex.*

Two hundred and ninety courses are offered at Harvard. President Elliott has calculated that it would take forty-four years to complete them all.—*Ex.*

One of the greatest things that a man learns in college is the ability to think. To simply amass facts is no more the labor of a scholar than is the carrying of a hod of mortar up a ladder the labor of a skilled architect.—*Ex.*

He who knows not,
And knows not that he knows not,
He is a Freshman.
Shun him !

He who knows not,
And knows that he knows not,
He is a Sophomore.
Respect him !

Over

He who knows,
And knows not that he knows,
He is a Junior.
Pity him !

He who knows,
And knows that he knows,
He is a Senior.
Reverence him !

